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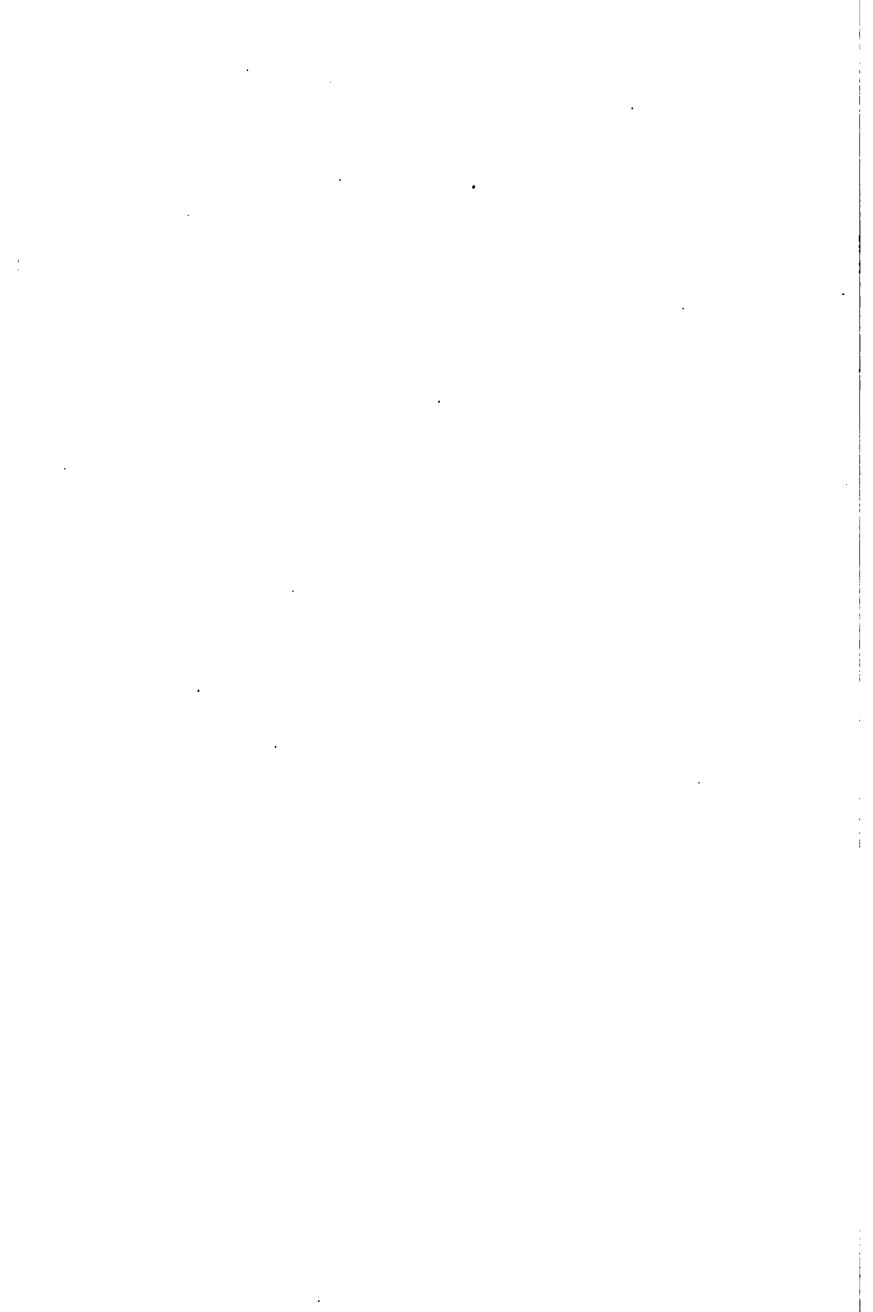
# THE LARGER LIFE

SHERIDAN FORD



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**THE  
LARGER LIFE**



**By MR FORD**

**ART : A COMMODITY**

**THE EMBELLISHMENT OF LIFE**

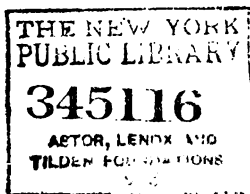
**THE ART OF FOLLY**

THE  
LARGER LIFE

BY  
★ SHERIDAN FORD

NEW YORK  
GEORGE E. CROSCUP & CO.

MCMIV



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To  
FRANKLIN FORD

*THE circling Spheres go racing down the voids,  
And the inconstant Seasons change and fade,  
While one unfading and ennobling Faith  
Flames in your mental skies ; fair as the dawn  
That ushers in the glad and triumphing day  
When Truth, the Ultimate, the Avenger,  
Shall bear to men the tidings BE OF HOPE !  
The earnest of the new intelligence  
When she shall still the old, unhappy Fear,  
And scatter blessings where all faith was dead,  
And drive Despair, unfriended, to the Pit.*

*The sane and vivid vision that you saw  
When all the world was blind or would not see,  
Shall yet enrich the nation of your pride  
With organized, august publicity ;  
Yet clear the Temple of the Verbalists  
And function blithe Fact-finders ere they pass  
To the Unbroken Silence toil endears.*

*And if, for a brief space, the stealing hours  
May darken counsel and make wild the ways  
That lead to Unity ; ah, then not less  
Shall men of mettle muster to the Cause,  
The old, good Cause that will not be denied  
Till hag-rid Chaos, vanquished, flees the field,  
Nor scapes the end, the appointed end, that waits  
When ordered Truth shall wing the laughing word.*

S. F.



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# THE LARGER LIFE

## I

I LIVE in no mean Republic, myself,  
And know the quiet aims  
That the moving intelligence brings to men  
Unsung of climbing fames.

The faith of Democracy lights the land  
From sentried sea to sea;  
And degrading opinion does not thrive  
Since fact has functioned free.

Lo, this is the nation where two and two  
When added make but four,  
And never five, as the Primitives said  
That failed to keep the score.

The men of To-morrow are on the march,  
And antient fictions fade,  
For the Fact-finders carry full-circle  
Where truth is wooed by trade.

The bars are down between thought and act,  
The seeing soul is freed ;  
The expression is one with Life itself,  
And action, one with creed.

## II

THE sorceries of the inventive mind  
Make this the Golden Age,  
For pagan myths are usual and mild  
Since Science turned the page.

Electric wires in mystic meshes stretch  
And thrill the girdled earth,  
Till space is sensitized from pole to pole  
For every fact of worth,

And the wireless messages come and go  
Where'er the need is found,  
As intelligence travels like magic  
The grey globe round and round.

The telephone of the tremulous coil  
That parted voices span,  
Has conquered long distance and given birth  
To the Freed Speech of man.

And out of the calling cities and towns,  
And down the steel-flung trail,  
The spirit of steam goes quiring to men  
The pæan of the rail.

And free of the far-shimmering harbours,  
The Liners race and run  
To the jocund beat of the plunging Screws  
That make the nations one;

#### 4            THE LARGER LIFE

They float the flag of Commercial Romance  
    From zone to farther zone;  
The old flag that the austral fires have blazed,  
    The boreal night has known.

#### III

THE unities thro' Commerce are forming<sup>1</sup>  
    That yield the perfect State;  
The individual functions to the full,  
    The credit-paths are straight.

The related man reaches to action  
    In Nature's vast machine,  
A part of the world-moving organism,  
    Subjected yet serene.

The rim is in clear call of the centre,  
    The centre of the rim;  
And the battery where the Fact-finder sits  
    Marks oneness to the brim.

When the part is in order with the whole,  
In tranquil touch sans strife,  
Friction is lessened to the point of ease,  
And lo, the larger life!

So the two enthusiasms of men —  
The Study and the Mart —  
Are to shed their exclusive pretensions,  
And seek a common art.

## IV

THE distinctions are never hard or fast.  
Physical science men  
Are failing to locate matter so far  
In all their pregnant ken:

Each new isolation is found to be  
A new relation still,  
And so the relationship stretches on  
Beyond their midway skill.

6            THE LARGER LIFE

A crystal thought is the concept that rose  
    Thro' study of man's frame; <sup>2</sup>  
His sympathetic and cerebral nerves  
    Reveal organic aim.

Applying the thought to the social form,  
    The State is seen to be  
A supreme work of art that is fashioned  
    To ply in sympathy:

For in treating it men have proceeded,  
    Thro' painful ways and slow,  
By the only pattern provided them  
    In Life's unpausing flow.

V

THE new State is a system of organs,  
    And thro' each pulsing part  
The moving intelligence comes and goes  
    To shape the social art.

Ere the general interest functions,  
And consciousness is clear,  
A few unrelated class interests  
Are causing idle fear.

They type the false growths round a broken joint  
Within the frame of man  
If the setting has been too long delayed  
To suit the surgeon's plan.

So Commerce acts as re-forming agent,  
In brutal guise but sure,  
Thro' the incoming of the newer thought —  
The Competition Cure!

VI

IN the wide revision of working-lines  
That nurtured needs invite,  
The competitive principle appears  
In a redeeming light.



While the many are viewed as competing  
When all are fighting each  
Thro' the tendering of lower prices,  
That hasty Cheap Jacks teach —

To view it from the numerical point,  
And from that point alone,  
Is to overlook the play of the Trust  
Where quality is shown.

With the saner and centralized action,  
Competition may rise  
To include the possible price-cutting  
That keen consumers prize.

To advance each division of Commerce  
Unto the higher plane  
Is to follow the Law of Production  
That merges art and gain.

The finer quality and lower price  
 Compel the larger sale:  
 This simple rule of the unified Trust  
 Was never born to fail.

Competition is but the social force  
 Trained on a common end:  
 'T is unthinkable between men and things  
 Save thro' a social trend.

VII

COMMERCE is the moving Spirit of Man<sup>s</sup>  
 That stands for every act,  
 As the collective division of labour  
 That turns upon the fact.

The primary division of labour  
 In the organic State  
 Lies midway between the fact and the act,  
 For Science to relate:

It is the intelligence division —  
The news trade, if you please —  
That has to rise to the level of fact,  
Or scientific ease:

For no State can reach organization,  
Authentic and sun-clear,  
Till division between the fact and act  
Is ordered and austere.

There 's division but not separation —  
As known to central sight —  
For the fact is completed in the act  
When thought is winged in flight.

Our reliance on the astronomer  
To learn the hour and place  
To best observe an eclipse of the sun —  
The points in time and space —

Will convey the abounding relation  
Between the fact and deed,  
For the fact is one side of the action —  
The side that has the lead.

## VIII

It was Commerce invented integrity  
And gave to Truth her wings;  
And the social salvation principle  
Still unto Commerce clings.

It is clearly on profit-seeking lines  
(Which dowered pedants flout)  
That the social reorganization  
Is being brought about.

The simple and free-working relation  
In which the classes meet  
Was not born of the charity concept,  
Or sentimental bleat.

As men are brave to the point of parting  
From their Utopian dreams,  
They confess that Commerce, the butt of cant,  
Lights life with saving gleams.

## IX

THE clash of interest that frightens some  
Is music to my ears,  
For I catch in its torn and tangled chords,  
Of crowding hopes and fears,

The undertones of the process thro' which  
Society shall reach  
Unto the last differentiation  
The unities may teach,

And so come at last, in God's own good hour,  
To see its Self in deed  
As a living and thriving organism  
In touch with every need.

The division but marks the relation <sup>4</sup>  
In any age or clime,  
For the onward sweep of the principle  
Is one with lapsing Time.

## X

THE Self, in relation, has ever been  
The Charmer of mankind,  
As the binding-force of society  
And driving-force of mind.

The old conception of politics  
Put Self and State apart,  
And the separation was frozen hard  
In Blackstone's static art ;

But the influence that brought it about  
Will make it disappear,  
For the locomotive and telegraph  
Have drawn the Distant near.

14            THE LARGER LIFE

The old, separate classifications  
    Marked separated men ;  
With the elimination of distance,  
    They seek a common ken.

The collective action has grown so fierce  
    That organs of the whole  
Are transcending the classifications  
    That traced the old control.

XI

It is the story of social progress  
    Of communication born,  
That the Spirit of Inquiry opened  
    When mind saluted morn.

The lure of the Purple Distance has been  
    The stimulus of thought,  
As to fathom its fabled mysteries  
    The old Fact-finders wrought.

The unceasing hunt of the absolute,  
The always burning dream  
To break the Great Silence that grimly rounds  
Death's immemorial gleam,

Was ever in close alliance with those  
That tracked, thro' evil days —  
As the daring conquerors of distance —  
The world's uncharted ways :

The philosopher and geographer  
Have had a common quest :  
The adventure of thought, the flight of mind,  
Has wooed them East and West.

## XII

THE social is but man in relation,  
As, in this time and place,  
There is nothing outside for hope or fear  
To qualify or trace.



16            THE LARGER LIFE

All action is social from first to last,  
And government is seen  
As collective action that types the Self  
Where common needs are keen.

It is only division of labour,<sup>5</sup>  
(Whate'er the State men claim),  
And it has to be fairly recognized  
As ordered private aim.

The functions of government, far and near,  
Are individual led,  
For, strange to say, every organ of State  
Has a Self at its head.

It is always the individual,  
However seen or shown,  
Thro' his 'public' or 'private' relation  
At any moment known.

There is no clear evidence yet to prove  
That action by the State  
Is more in the interest of the whole  
Than private deeds equate.

Government and Commerce go hand in hand.  
The organs of control  
Arise with the forming consciousness  
Of the collective whole.

The source of all law, or government,  
Is scientific fact,  
As the courts of arbitration assume  
In measuring an act.

The long quest is political science  
Since Runnymede arose  
To type Democracy's idea  
Where'er her bugle blows.

## XIII

SCIENTIFIC truth is ceasing to be

The province of the few,

For, woven into the life of the world,

It functions thro' and thro'.

There are no scientific subjects

As lettered prigs maintain,

The subject of Science is all of Life,

Its laughter and its pain.

What the shrewd chemists call exact knowledge

Is order in the deed,

For any subject is scientific

When all its facts are freed.

The incoming science of politics

Is the science of news.

The compulsion that resides in a Fact

Gives Life its moving cues.

## XIV

THRO' lack of political science  
The Social Quacks debate  
In all manner of mindless jargon  
Over the coming State.

Once political science is ordered,  
The vain dispute will cease,  
And, like the working astronomers,  
Men may confer in peace.

The literature of the groping mind  
Insistently appeals  
To the unified soldiers of Science  
To trace the Law that heals.

Society must be objectified  
Thro' systematic rule  
Till the State is seen as an organism,  
Or scientific tool.

The old organs that once were classified  
As 'government' alone,  
Must be set in relation to the whole,  
And integration shown.

## XV

As men but divide the better to work  
Unto a common end,  
The division of labour principle  
Is world-wide in its trend.

The advance of the Self turns upon it  
And, as division clears,  
The dawn of the governing principle  
In sunny guise appears.

So the true evolution of Commerce  
And, therefore, of the State,  
Is one with the division of labour —  
The moving hand of fate.

The far-seeing science of politics  
Has deftly to reveal  
The major and the minor divisions  
That form the commonweal.

So the Self will be set in relation  
To the collective soul,  
And the freed divisions of social force  
Marked in the marching whole.

## XVI

THE call of the hour is to clearly know  
The trend in time and space  
Of the fierce, world-compelling agencies  
That Commerce has to face.

The locomotive and electric wire  
Flash into full relief  
The elimination of distance —  
Of modern facts, the chief.

22            THE LARGER LIFE

Comes the resultant co-ordination,  
    The new conceit of Life,  
And political science emerges  
    To lessen civil strife.

Direct rule by the individual  
    Is passing into act,<sup>6</sup>  
And Society finally faces  
    Self-government in fact.

XVII

MEN govern, as they are governed in turn,  
    Thro' each relation shown,  
They mould and are moulded with every  
    thought,  
    However named or known.

Tho' the ballot-crazed Socialists murmur,  
    We all vote day and day,  
In addition to formal occasions  
    That free the nose-count play.

The path-finder of the uplifting force  
Governs his fellowmen  
Thro' revealing the mental direction  
That lights their lesser ken.

A clerk may outvote his official chief  
In the compelling case,  
And force the authentic action to life  
For unborn years to face.

We rule in proportion to all our light  
As measured by the fact  
We bring to the centres of social sway  
To shape the ordered act.

All kinds of Elections are hourly held  
To fix the fate of man,  
And seal the august and final decrees  
Beyond our guess or plan.



## XVIII

THE unconscious ones are the amateurs  
Of science and the arts.  
Those that aim at political healing  
Must know the social parts.

The ordered and ordering mind is rare,  
And when it comes in view  
It will either be crowned or crucified  
To suit the ruling crew.

Till the right is ready, might is right  
Down all Life's tragic slope;  
The Bigot says *should*; but Science says *is*,  
And lightens toil with hope.

## XIX

IN the mental darkness men stab and slay:  
Publicity sheds light.  
The normal direction is ever found  
Thro' seeing fact aright:

Thus Democracy's only salvation  
Is still to organize :  
So shall it pass to the higher plane,  
So, and not otherwise.

Intelligence *is* organization,  
For unity of need —  
So light making in its ultimate trend —  
Will never darken deed.

Scientific inquiry is the most  
Levelling thing on earth ;  
It punctures pretence and tears away masks  
With democratic mirth.

XX

WHILE Invention is building new highways  
For ideas and men,  
The Social Atheists 'view with alarm' ?  
The shifting social ken.

They denounce the dawning development  
They cannot understand,  
And believe they 'should' make of the not-Self  
The Big Drum of the band.

With minds not narrowed by knowledge, they  
tilt  
At everything in sight,  
As tho' the Almighty had botched His job,  
And boggled wrong and right.

They blame this and that social violence;  
But ever fail to see  
The healing influence at work thro' all  
That makes for unity.

They seem as powerless to comprehend  
The freedom of the time  
As their English brothers in 'Twenty-five  
That called steam-cars 'a crime':

When the art of Stephenson gave to Life  
The locomotive-fact,  
There were those that affirmed it would frighten  
The cows along the track !

The mere stage-coaches of literature,  
Seen of the primal need,  
They lacked the unified consciousness  
To trace the thought in deed.

But while the Social Atheists babble  
(And Babblers always shirk),  
Self-interest, the duct of Sympathy,  
Does its appointed work.

## XXI

THE powerful prepossessions of men  
Prevent their seeing clear,  
So that the newer governing organs  
Are met with wakeful fear.

Instantaneous communication

Forbids the static dream

That the State is a single-centred thing,

A fixed and ' finished ' scheme.

Democracy is not single-centred

As formless minds have taught,

New centres of regulation arise,

By new conditions wrought.

The new conditions compel new views

Of government and life,

For each classification of Commerce

Brings order out of strife.

Effective action turns upon the fact.

'T is pleasant to be right,

In the little thing, as the larger need

When nations strip for fight.

## XXII

EVERY normal enterprise upon earth  
Involves the common good,  
For each is an organ of government  
If rightly understood.

It is Commerce, and Commerce! all the time,  
And has been thro' the years;  
The Self and the general good are touched  
With kindred hopes and fears.<sup>8</sup>

The elective Washington government  
Types the old English king,  
In its harassing Trust legislation  
To which the law courts cling.

Men see the State as a separate fact  
(As King John thought he saw!),  
And the 'public' and 'private' are set apart  
In politics and law.

30            THE LARGER LIFE

The false separation between the two  
Must pass from ordered Life  
To the end that free action may follow,  
With less unsocial strife.

XXIII

THE American Runnymede is on  
In law courts of the land  
Where the old and jealous elective king  
Is juggling for command.

It is there the battle is being fought,  
For there the verdicts wait  
To clear the new organs of government  
That clutch the keys of State.

The play of the governing principle  
Compels the larger view;  
But the recognition must come thro' the courts  
To rule the action true.

As the court was the first legislature,  
So it will be the last,  
Unless the new State is to plagiarize  
The folly of the past.

When Warwick, the king-maker, failed to note  
The old conditions fade,  
He went down in the crush of the newer thought,  
And was himself unmade.

## XXIV

THE tangle of statute must yield to Law.  
Self-government is near,  
For the play of the Self protects the whole —  
When the parts are in gear.

The decaying juridic ideas  
That block industrial change  
Will be brushed aside by the newer need  
Till Trade has room to range.



The Law is no longer a static thing  
Pent in a narrow groove,  
And shackled to timorous precedent  
Without the grit to move :

'T is the marching, moulding intelligence  
That strikes offenders down ;  
'T is the bodyguard of integrity  
That justice waits to crown :

It moves in the changeful movement of Life,  
With freed conditions fraught ;  
Still questing for the inviolate fact —  
The arbiter of thought.

## XXV

As progress is from private to public,  
The semi-public stage  
Is the interregnum that troubles men  
Ere Science sets the gauge.

The recognized organs of government  
Reveal the Self in deed;  
The post-office, army, and court of law,  
Mark the collective need;

But the unrecognized organs, also,  
Are government in kind,  
Tho' denied of the Social Atheist  
That lacks the moving mind.

At one time the coining of money  
Was wrought by private hand,  
Ere the increasing communication  
Gave the new State command.

The telephone and the telegraph lines  
Will come in time to be  
But extensions of the post-office Trust,  
When functioned full and free:

The Communication system must reach  
To unity at last,  
For the separate and the sundered thing  
Is of the storied past.

## XXVI

THE compelling commercial unities  
Loom large on every hand  
As incoming organs of government  
To regulate the land.

They are all a part of society  
And to be treated so,  
Or the war cry of a false socialism  
Will work the nation's woe.

The Trust is in line with the verities,  
And verities succeed,  
While the bankrupt trader of retail-mind  
Laments the larger need.

Any Trust not based on a social want  
Will meet its factless fate  
In the march of the keen competition  
That builds the better State.

In current trade wars of supremacy  
That focus public gaze,  
The public forgets that in every war  
The lonesome loser pays.

The limit of commercial government  
Is that which limits all —  
The need of being infallibly right  
When stern Occasions call.

## XXVII

IN the fading English statute-books  
The Act may still be found  
That forbade the forming of partnerships  
On any English ground ;

It was said that they boded woeful harm  
To individual need !  
And that is the one continuing thought  
Of the false-social creed.

The great English industrial barons —  
The Trust men of their day —  
Grew tired of the old king's exactions,  
And drew the sword to slay :

Then spurious authority vanished  
Before the show of fact,  
And the Strong Men and their associates  
Wrested the right to act.

That is armoured Democracy's lesson  
When read between the lines ;  
With a freer commercial suggestion  
Than history assigns.

It is the old denial of freedom  
To individual rights,  
That spurs the militant, triumphing Self  
To proud, heroic fights.

## XXVIII

THE new Title Guarantee companies  
Reveal the restful rise  
Of the competent governing organs  
That men of insight prize.

The old, blundering register of deeds  
Could only be displaced  
By inventing a scientific tool,  
With surer system graced.

The Guarantee people bet on their facts,  
And back their point of view;  
As infallible Science guards the game  
To keep the action true.

## XXIX

THE Bank is an organ of government  
That moves the ordered way,  
For its clearing-house legislature meets  
And functions, day and day.

There the private and public good are seen  
Serenely unified,<sup>9</sup>  
In a legislature where all 'bad' bills  
Are lightly tossed aside.

The publicity is so absolute  
That rim with centre vies;  
Intelligence identifies as law,  
And lies are stamped as lies.

The new clearing-house form of government  
Can't be divorced from right,  
For the pretty reason that fact and act  
Are parallel in sight.

The main-governing centre of money  
Is where the news is known ;  
And as country banks report to New York,  
It rules the fiscal throne.

XXX

THE system of credit clearing-houses  
Now clears the credit fact  
By reporting thro' all its centres  
A buyer's last known act.

When the trading firms of a given line  
Clear all their credit news,  
The totalling of the collated facts  
Clinches the credit clues.

The old mercantile agency gossips  
Traded in talk and guess.  
The clearing-house system trades in the fact,  
And stops at fact, no less.



It is not what the buyer says or thinks ;

But what he does that breeds.

The ledger tosses opinion aside,

And tells of moving deeds.

A 'rating' is old in forty-eight hours,

And pointless in a day,

For the newer action compels new thought,

And thrusts the old away.

So the out-of-date credit reporting

Lacked systematic rule

In that it merely perverted the fact,

Without a guiding tool.

The newspapers mangle intelligence

As credit news was wrought

Ere Science invented the clearing-house,

And mastered credit thought.

XXXI

The Railway Traffic Association

Is organ of the whole,  
Tho' the elective king bars its function,  
And fights it for control :

The result is but railway confusion  
Divorced from guiding will.  
When the railways legislate for themselves  
They do so with some skill.

Would fifty or more traffic managers  
Allow a warring one  
To peril the interest of the class,  
When all was said and done ?

With intelligence properly organized,  
The rapid, railway mind  
Would pillory the rebel offender  
As outcast of his kind.

If the new State were not organic,  
A railway could not be  
Compelled to haul a competitor's car  
That action might be free.

## XXXII

THE labour Trusts are governing organs,  
And will be more and more  
As their captains, fronting the larger need,  
The larger law explore.

Some brilliant ability is required  
To mould two million men  
In a compact and working unity  
With but a single ken.

That not three in ten of the wage-takers  
Are so far organized;  
But proves that concurrent majorities  
Are not to be despised.

When every wage-taker is in a Trust,  
As science men would like,  
The current confusion will disappear  
With 'lockouts' and the 'strike.'

Then the money chief and the labour chief,  
Unswayed by hate or fear,  
May bring all of their facts to a centre,  
And rule the action clear.

## XXXIII

THE future of the joint-stock principle  
Is one with that of wage,  
And both are involved in the settlement  
Of pensions for old age.

In the oncoming wage arbitrations,  
The labour men may plead  
The justice point in the dividend rate,  
As well as labour's need.

When the wage rate is to be reckoned with,  
So is the dividend;  
The governing principle cuts both ways  
For equity to fend.

If the 'right' to discharge a wage-taker  
By the wage-paying side  
Without the consent of a labour Trust,  
Is still to be denied:

Then the wage-payer has another 'right,'  
And that must clearly be  
That no wage-taker shall quit his task  
Till those that hire agree.

The one 'right' is as fair as the other,  
The two go hand in hand;  
And the sooner the factions free the fact,  
The better for the land.

## XXXIV

THE wage-payer that fears the labour Trusts  
Is facing from the sun,  
For the broader sweep of the principle  
Has only now begun.

To deny to the men that do the work  
A unity of act,  
Is to follow the Social Atheist  
That tries to strangle fact.

The injunction tool in the wage disputes  
That labour captains fear,  
Is a tool to be forced to the limit  
Till every fact is clear:

Not part of the facts; but all of the facts  
That enter in the cause,  
Till the real relationship rises  
To shape the equal laws.

While the theorists talk arbitration  
As tho' 't were something new,  
The law courts are all arbitration courts  
From any point of view.

That the labour Trusts will incorporate  
Is simple common sense,  
The Self-interest dictates the action  
For reasons of defence.

The child labour in factories will cease  
Because it does not pay ;  
A style of preachment Morality loves  
And uses, day and day.

## XXXV

THE proposal to change the present form  
Of the organic State  
Thro' the hurried count of noses alone,  
Was sired by social hate.

The delicate organs of control  
Are never changed that way;  
As some Gallic Social Atheists learned  
When reason went astray.

It is the maddest exaggeration  
That ere afflicted thought,  
Of the absolute majority myth  
By droning dreamers taught.

Until intelligence is organized  
Thro' the diurnal pen,  
The Cheerful Idiot will hoist the flag  
Invented by the men

That conceive the interest of the whole  
As turning on one fact,  
And overlook the diversified needs  
Compelling each class act.



The controlling organs of government  
Are only one in kind;  
But their complexity of interest  
Has to be borne in mind.

## XXXVI

THE sense of a sovran community  
Is taken in two ways:  
Thro' the risen right of suffrage alone,  
The mere nose-counting phase,  
  
Or thro' the clear right of the organism,  
That passes in review  
The manifold interests of the class —  
The antient and the new.  
  
Each plan collates the majority sense;  
But the concurrent form  
Votes interest along with the number,  
And seeks the social norm.

The numerical method cannot mark  
The movement of the class ;  
And that movement has to be reckoned with  
In movements of the mass.

## XXXVII

THE theorists talk of majorities  
As tho' there were but one  
(And that the conventional nose-count !)  
In all the grill o' the sun.

The profound distinction between the two,  
When overlooked or lost,  
Has foundered many a Ship of State  
And left it tempest-tost.

The Socialist propaganda, so-called,  
That threatens the smiling land,  
Is largely an anti-social crusade  
To cripple Self-command.

The work of the unreal reformer  
Rarely outlives its day,  
For the superstitions that tire each age  
Pass, with the age, away.

## XXXVIII

THE peddling of ballots to every man  
Is not the destined reach  
That a scientific Democracy  
Has to pursue or teach.

Democracy is a means, not an end :  
The end is moral right ;  
And the usurpations of 'government'  
But bar men from the light.

The universal suffrage idea  
Is meeting with some strain  
Thro' the complexity of interest  
That makes the nose-count vain.

Already in careful localities  
The ballot is hedged round  
With proper and pleasing precautions  
To keep the action sound.

The legislature, as elective king,  
Quite often fails thro' strife  
To re-present the free play of the Selves  
That called it into life.

As no legislature can 'make' the law,  
The living facts make all;  
Tho' unnoted of washed and unwashed mobs  
When politicians bawl.

An Act of Congress that contravened  
The scientific side,  
Would be ruled *ultra vires* by the courts,  
And sovranity denied.

52            THE LARGER LIFE

The political system will meet reform  
    When Commerce cares to lead  
With daily intelligence organized  
    Beyond the stomach-need.

XXXIX

THE essential truth of the universe,  
    No clashing creeds can maim,  
Is that perfect Idea of Unity  
    Christ perished to proclaim.

'T is the death of the unrelated Self,  
    The key of wider mind,  
That makes for order and perennial peace  
    With all of humankind.

The glad lesson of the Resurrection  
    Shows men must die to live;  
And pass thro' the graves of their old, dead  
    Selves  
    To what the new Selves give.

The unrelated are but bonden slaves :

Only the bond are free.

Life floods with freedom the minds that live

The Law of Unity.

One God, and one law, and one rounded whole,

Compel the sure success

That makes the problem of the whirling world

Perplex poor mortals less.

XL

WHEN the bonny Blue Flag went down in blood,

The fighting men conceived

That the final slave was bought at a price,

And all good things achieved.

With the vanishing years they have come to see

Man's slavery as fact,

That cannot be 'settled' by sullen guns,

Or Proclamation Act.

Only his chance may be given to man ;  
    Whatever freedom comes  
Must come thro' the play of the wider Self,  
    Divorced from flags and drums.

The thing called Freedom is freedom to act,  
    No State can make it more.  
*Nothing for nothing*, is Nature's decree —  
    The whole of human lore.

Equality is the right to advance  
    Along an ordered line:  
A privilege that of itself is naught —  
    Tho' in the use, divine.

## XLI

AMERICA is grinding its colours :  
    Patient, tempered, austere :  
Unheeding the clamour of surging class,  
    Untouched with doubt or fear.

The style is set, and the studies all made,  
Of witcheries serene,  
For the stateliest social masterpiece  
This gallant world has seen.

The clean thought of the marching Republic  
Will never go astray  
Thro' the chatter of Social Atheists  
That line the Right of Way:

For the Strong Sons are still in possession,  
As strong men always are;  
What the Weaklings deem the portent of doom  
Is but the morning star.

All that saving Equality stands for,  
All that gives Freedom grace,  
Must turn, in the end, on the ordered fact —  
Face unto living face.



56            THE LARGER LIFE

When the full play of Life is reported,  
Democracy will rise  
To a newer birth and a nobler aim  
Below the Western skies.

XLII

THE real man of letters is *en route*,  
To laughing Truth he clings:  
He has turned from the mummery of words  
To poetry of things.

The Choice of the Will in the old, good Cause,  
Front-fighter of his kind,  
He marks, with an insight that 'sees life whole,'  
The chainless march of mind.

Ah, long was the way, and tragic the halts,  
From out old wrong to right:  
With glory of manhood and surge of swords  
Till right itself was might:

Till the hemlock, the cross, and flame-girt stake;  
Of falsehood foul were past,  
And essential Truth had come to her own,  
Her healing own, at last.

The trail of the triumph is dark with blood;  
But action crowns the whole.  
The mob and the monarch have lost their power  
To still the seeing soul.

## XLIII

THE fretful chaos in literature  
Need vex no genial thought;  
It is not the world but the book-writer  
That has to be re-taught.

Who fails to pass thro' the books unto Life  
And use them as his tools,  
Is a slave to the tyranny of words,  
And one of letters' fools:

When he hopes to fashion a book from books,  
His usefulness is past,  
For the touch of truth is the touch of life,  
And will be to the last.

Since the colour-worker in words essayed  
To shape the perfect phrase;  
But three kinds of books have been given birth  
To cheapen blame or praise.

The Force book, the Play book, and Reference  
book —

The simple three, no more —  
Compose the reorganized library  
Of sound, artistic lore.

By the use of the universal key —  
With common sense as tool —  
Every work is easily classified,  
Despite its claim or school.

Many books that masqueraded for long  
As leaders of new thought,  
Have been used to kindle the kitchen fires —  
Unhonoured and unsought.

While some that were scarcely noticed or read,  
Now with the classics smile,  
By the side of the masters of Man Talk,  
Whose words are winged with style.

And others once noted as Play books  
Are seen at last to be  
The Force books of the Liberation War  
That set the Spirit free.

Apart from the growing Reference books  
That busy Science breeds,  
The Force books and Play books are ever few  
That fit the keener needs:

For nine-tenths of them all are shot-rubbish  
Of unrelated mind —  
The loud, God-gifted, hand-organ voices  
That charm the colour-blind.

## XLIV

THE newspaper men of the passing hour  
Deny that truth would pay,  
And, flouting the God of Life as It Is,  
Crucify Christ each day.

In the food trade or the chemical line,  
Pure quality is thought  
To insure the larger and lasting sale,  
Thro' Self-interest wrought;

But in the news, or intelligence, trade,  
Diurnal dealers claim  
That adulteration makes for success,  
And aids the dollar game.

And so they leaven their daily wares  
By colouring the fact,  
In the quaint belief that to doctor it  
Is proof of business tact.

In the place of reports are opinions,<sup>10</sup>  
And the rude Faction lie  
Coined in convenient anonymity;  
But wounding low and high.

## XLV

THE journals of the Tar and Feather school  
Have home-grown rules of right,  
And keep parties of private assassins  
To murder fames at sight.

In the narrowing confines of their crawl  
They are as rank a crew  
As ever assailed a soaring career,  
Or made the false seem true.

It never occurs to the Sewer guild  
That he who saves his soul  
May merit a flashing head-line far more  
Than one that Crimes control :

The proud picture of virtue triumphant  
Is painted void of charm ;  
But how they chortle in vulgar glee  
At virtue come to harm !

## XLVI

THE Obvious has been so exhausted  
That change itself is stale ;  
And yet no two of the Bludyers agree  
However brief the tale.

They handle the free play of politics,  
O'er which ' reformers ' snore,  
As one would write of a base-ball game  
That never gave the score.

And Commerce is seen as a swindling match  
Where only thieves succeed,  
With a premium on dishonesty  
To crown the cluttered creed.

And every great captain of industry,  
With genius for command,  
Is conceived as a social pariah  
That preys upon the land.

And each 'poor' man is the victim of 'greed':  
And each 'rich' man 'a foe':  
While the social system is but a 'fraud'  
Built up of labour's 'woe.'

Immersed in opinion they fail to note  
The daring of the day  
That gives to the individual need  
Freedom to serve or sway.



They affect to fear multiform dangers  
No writer can make plain,  
And from false premise to wrong conclusion,  
Chorus a sunset strain.

## XLVII

Yet other journals as freely assert  
That civic griefs are bred  
Of the 'overpaid, opulent' labour  
That lacks 'a guiding-head.'

This brand of 'intelligence' claims to see  
In the wage-paying class,  
Worn society's only salvation  
From 'the insurgent mass.'

As the 'heaven-born rich' are the angels  
That toil for others' joy,  
The 'dishonest poor' are pictured as knaves  
That struggle to destroy:

So the 'rich' are warned to organize  
Thro' fear of labour's 'greed ;'  
While labour is threatened with penalties  
For unity of deed.

Apart from the largest advertisers  
Few courtesies are shown,  
Since genius is the talent of the dead,  
And simple faith unknown !

Each cackling class interest has 'organs'  
To preach its parish plan ;  
But the general interest has none  
In all the Wrangling Clan.

## XLVIII

THE phrase 'independent journalism'  
Is only so much bleat  
To mystify with Pecksniffian cant  
The plain man in the street.

66            THE LARGER LIFE

There was more of quality in the news  
Some fifty years ago  
Than, with all their prattle of 'progress,'  
The current journals show.

The modern newspaper has come to be  
A kind of pedler's pack,  
With less grip of Life's moving unities  
Than rules the pedler's clack.

The clean sense of convincing relation  
Is wholly lost to view  
In the hodge-podge of undigested slop  
Served in the daily stew.

XLIX

THE thought of integrity in news  
(The truth entirely freed)  
Is one with the notion of government —  
The social daily need,

Communication parallels Commerce,  
And Commerce, or the State,  
Never reaches full organization  
Till all the facts are 'straight.'

The unreflective action of men  
Is ever in advance  
Of him whose trade is to put it in words —  
While viewing it askance!

To profess that fact cannot be ordered  
Thro' systematic plan,  
Is an insult to the unified mind  
Of any thinking man :

In the work of buying and selling it,  
Ignorance is a crime,<sup>11</sup>  
For the basic questions of social peace  
Hinge on fact all the time.

## L

WHEN the arch-thief Tweed had looted New  
York

Of everything in sight,  
The newspapers bragged of 'exposing' him  
Thro' turning on the light.

Under proper news organization  
No Tweed could last an hour,  
For scientific municipal news  
Would part him from his power.

'T is easy to write of a broken bridge  
After the bridge is down;  
But the task of Science is to foretell  
Its falling to the Town.

To picture the play of Self-interest  
As unrelated deed,  
Is to overlook organization  
Thro' unity of need.

## LI

THE machinery of intelligence

Is everywhere in place ;

But the management of the news itself

Lacks the accordant grace.

The new wireless message, and telegraph,

The talking telephone,

The web printing-press, and the linotype,

Are in relation shown ;

But the ordering of the daily fact

Has not advanced in kind,

For the peddling of Rumour and Gossip

Is not the work of mind.

The thought has failed to keep step with the  
thing,

And so the task of might

Is in charge of the crude Opportunists

That Science has to fight.

70            THE LARGER LIFE

The growing ease of communication  
To full and ordered act  
Permits and compels the intelligence trade  
To level-up with fact.

While the pathways of thought unto object  
Are being cleared for men,  
Shall Science halt at the news-path of Life  
Where Chaos has her den?

LII

IN a trial for murder by poison,  
Chemist, jury, and judge,  
Type the perfect division of labour,  
From social chief to drudge.

The Chemist stands for the fact in the case —  
The Science, if you will —  
For he alone can order the fact  
With certainty of skill.

The intelligence law identifies  
As constituting-fact,  
And identifies just in proportion  
As mind is free to act.

Science has to single and systematize,  
And lodge in ordered hands,  
The universal division of labour  
For which the Chemist stands.

When the system is seen in relation,  
Thro' unobstructed rule,  
The full facts may be brought to a centre,  
With intelligence as tool.

Then the raw, unrelated Reporters  
Will yield to science men  
That can fashion the fire-new expression —  
Thro' the diurnal pen —



For the larger and lordlier action  
That lacks the clearing creed  
Of the imperious regulation  
That fits the social need.

## LIII

*Ye shall know the truth*, said the clear-eyed  
Christ,  
*And truth shall make you free.*  
But to free the truth is the daily task  
Of those that think — to see.

While a constructive force, the mind of man,  
Is moving to its ends,  
Only organization frees the truth  
To which sound knowledge tends.

The ordering of Science in common,  
The clearance of the act,  
Will force the news system to legislate,  
Or register, the fact.

The electric wire and the telephone  
Provide the easy way  
To caucus class interests far and near,  
And vote them day and day.

So the government, which is all Commerce,  
May grip the needs of Life,  
Till the futile friction 'twixt word and deed  
Has ceased to father strife.

Then the fact shall be organ of the whole;  
But governed by the rule  
Of the careful, concurrent majority,  
To check the Common Fool!

Which action, again, to be workable,  
And with fair reason chime,  
Has to turn on the rulings of Science,  
Ordered in space and time.

74            THE LARGER LIFE

No problem is settled beyond debate

By the nose-count alone;

Nor thro' the brute force of the paid police <sup>12</sup>

That either side may own.

LIV

THE greatest 'sensation' is that of truth,

The lie is never bold,

For the surface 'sensation' is timid

If inner truth is told.

There are seldom two sides to a question,

There's only the inside;

As the social surgeons will gently prove

When fact is opened wide.

The low-thoughted and rowdy 'sensations'

Are trivial and tame

In contrast with those that the truth would free

To fend the higher aim.

The news captain is certain to appear,  
And when he comes in sight  
He will drive out the bungler and brawler,  
As day displaces night.

## LV

THE commanding thought of integrity  
Is rising clear and true;  
The mid-stage evolution of Commerce  
Invites the honest view.

As intelligence is commodity,  
Dealers must understand  
That it pays to guard with a jealous care  
The honour of the brand:

Not thro' the force of a moral precept,  
Or fear of future pain;  
But because the truth line traces the way  
Unto the larger gain.

To re-port a thing is to take it back  
To the diviner light,  
To the play of the governing principle  
That stakes the course aright.

The Printing-press is the Altar of God :  
Its parish is the world :  
For the sovran Fact goes its regal way  
By steam and lightning hurled.

## LVI

EDUCATION is contact with ordered life.  
The telephone is tool ;  
When it kisses the teacher's tactful lips,  
Children will run *to* school.

Normal life is to enter the class-room,  
Touched with its care and play,  
With 'all of the news that is fit to print '  
As text-book of the day.

The Self may be put into relation  
Since Science found the key,  
So the children wise of the Second Birth  
Need teachers that can see.

To note what is nearest the naked eye  
Is still the trying task,  
For behind the appearance is moving mind,  
The face is but the mask.

As the great globe is nothing but spirit,  
So the spirit in man  
Holds the healing magic that lights it up  
With unity of plan.

Not in Nature but in the observer  
Are mystery and worth,  
For none may see more, or less, than himself  
In all the rounded earth.

Till a child can give back to its teacher  
A thing in terms of mind,  
Neither teacher nor pupil has functioned,  
And training is to find.

The dignity of toil has to be shown  
In its related place,  
And the eager elective kings appraised  
In service to the race.

While the Altruists gabble of virtue  
For virtue's sake alone,  
As tho' a deflection from virtue's path  
Would lead to mammon's throne;

As fact may be taught in the newer light,  
True Selfness points the way,  
For an honest action involves reward  
As sundawn does the day.

## LVII

THE question of women's 'equality'  
Turns on their mental ken;  
There are royal and radiant spirits  
That dwarf the porcine men:

And those women are never co-equal  
With men of mindless might;  
They rank as convincing superiors  
By every rule of sight.

The much-daring marriage of maid to man  
Is but a social pact;  
And the law very properly functions  
To advertise the fact:

So the mutual parties serve notice  
What unity has done,  
To the end that mim-mouthed Society  
May treat the two as one.



The sacrament is in the relation,  
Not in the verbal creed;  
For if the relationship dies the death,  
They are divorced indeed.

Remains to publish the truth to the world,  
(As is the social due),  
Thro' the courts of record the law provides,  
And then — the one makes two.

## LVIII

THE dream has been of developing Self  
Since man took note of man,  
And the voice of the Vision has whispered  
In every kosmic plan.

The moving principle in mortals all  
Has two aspects in mind;  
But the play of the narrow and wider Self  
Is only one in kind.

'T is the story of the Ninety and nine,  
Told of the straying sheep  
That was wandering out of relation,  
With none to guard or keep:

The Good Shepherd went thro' the mental night,  
And down Death's darkling glen,  
To find the Principle that was lost  
And give it back to men.

## LIX

So the Self is universal organ  
In ideal and fact,  
For the God-principle ever functions  
Thro' individual act.

In the politics of the Altruists  
(Fast falling out of date)  
It is sought to take the mainspring from Life,  
And order from the State:

They conceive the play of Self-interest  
As counter to the whole;  
And in that point of view are not Christians,  
For mind has lost control.

They ever see two individuals  
In 'vice' or 'virtue' clad,  
In place of the one individual  
That may be 'good' or 'bad.'

The bad and the good are questions of fact, —  
Man's attitude to life;  
He is 'good' when in ordered relation,  
And 'bad' when torn with strife.

The poor crucified thief of the morning  
Saw things thro' alien eyes,  
But ere nightfall he found the relation  
That brought him paradise.

The lack of the governing principle  
Had made the man a clod  
Till Jesus awakened the wider Self  
That passed, in peace, to God.

## LX

THE long hope of the sanguine ' reformer '  
To legislate ' bad ' men  
To the love and practice of virtue  
Thro' a stroke of the pen,

Traces back to the exaggeration  
Of single-centred rule,  
That conceived of mortals, viewed in the mass,  
As the Collective Fool.

Vast numbers of people do not believe  
(As yet, at any rate)  
In the freedom of the social body  
That constitutes the State:

They only believe in the 'good' police,  
And turning-off the light,  
Or the old-style suppression thro' statute  
Of every sin in sight.

The tale of legislative oppression  
Needs tracing to its source,  
To the end that publicity may preclude  
The waste of social force.

A convincing ground-movement to compel  
Statutory reform,  
Would give the voters a new idea,  
And take the Towns by storm.

## LXI

FIFTY years of excessive repression  
Of gambling, lust, and 'drink,'  
Have resulted in failure so flagrant  
As to make State men think.

The attempt has failed ; but has left behind  
A premium on vice,  
That the police, corrupted thro' statute,  
Is eager to entice.

The twist in the policy would corrupt  
The best police on earth,  
For it violates the Law of the Self  
That rules men from their birth.

The police is the victim of statutes  
That legislatures pass  
Thro' the bleat of the Social Atheists —  
The statute-breeding class.

The ill-advised ' regulations ' are drawn  
To glad a given view,  
And are left unenforced to soothe the cry  
Of still another crew ;

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But thro' their spasmodic resurrection  
By the ' reforming ' craft,  
Has come the corrupting development  
Of the policemen's ' graft. '

LXII

THE antient, eternal duel of Sex  
No statute can suppress,  
Tho' the legislation of hypocrites  
Aids blackmail more or less.

Any speculator is a gambler,  
And one that locks the doors  
Is no ' worse ' than one that juggles with stock  
Upon the open Bourse.

The problem of ' drink ' will settle itself,  
As every problem must ;  
The chronic drunkard is shunned by his class,  
And blackballed by the Trust.

An Illinois statute that lingers on,  
Makes it a penal crime  
To hire or harbour a coachman that 'drinks,'  
At any place or time!

As a matter of plain, prosaic fact,  
Drunkards are turned away  
Because their retention is troublesome,  
And does not please or pay.

So that is the law which governs the case,  
The sure, restraining guide,  
That, one with the play of the watchful Self,  
Will never be denied.

## LXIII

THE social body needs freedom to move,  
Tho' painful Prudes may scoff,  
The statutes but hamper the larger law —  
The old clamps must come off.



Unless Lady Nature denies men wit  
To fend their lives from flaw,  
Their immediate surroundings are ever  
The true restraining law.

The timid sense of danger called justice  
May turn the Fool from strife;  
But this wholesome restraint as to conduct  
Comes of contact with life.

Neither men nor women are angels yet,  
Utopia is far,  
And the call is to shun the impossible,  
And see Things as They Are.

True morality passes by the point  
Of the prevailing creed,  
To face, with the logic of all the facts,  
The living social need.

The preachers of perfectibility  
For our imperfect race  
Have a touching faith in its wickedness  
And lack of saving grace.

Will it never occur to the meddler,  
Warring in idle ways,  
That most men are 'good,' as 'reformers' are,  
Simply because it pays?

## LXIV

THE common notion of brotherly love  
(By dreamers understood)  
Makes it a condition of Utopia,  
Where every man is 'good.'

When told that a given mortal is 'good,'  
Science says: *Good for what?*  
As the unrelated, or barren, 'good'  
Is touched with moral rot:

While to speak or write of Utopia  
    Betrays the static thought  
That has no place in a universe  
    With ceaseless motion fraught.

*The Do unto others as you would have*  
    *The others do to you,*  
That Altruists quote to clinch their creed,  
    And clear their muddled view,

Is the most Selfish maxim yet uttered  
    In all the tides of Time,  
For Christ is as scientific and sane  
    As is the Thought sublime.

There lurks in it the brave definition  
    Of true brotherly love,  
Whether in the Study, or busy Mart  
    Or by the 'stream of Dove':

It is IDENTITY OF INTEREST

That lights the ordered ways;  
Men love each other thro' no maudlin bleat —  
They love because it pays!

With this accepted, the spiritual power  
Reveals itself as fact,  
And enters into the life of the world  
To shape the kindly act.

It is the breaking down of convention  
And gay divorce from cant,  
That sweep to the merciful Silences  
The old, unsocial rant.

The word 'unselfish' will fade from the books  
In tales of peace and strife,  
As it stands for that unthinkable thing —  
'Disinterest' in Life.

Who denies the unity principle  
That Jesus taught the race,  
Is crucified by it upon the spot,  
Without a moment's grace.

That is the Law of the Spirit in Man,  
Of which the Force books tell,  
For in mind is the highest heaven he knows,  
In mind, his lowest hell.

## LXV

As all sound Religion is one with life,  
Mind is divining-rod ;  
The age of the Symbol is passing out,  
Men crave the living God :

No mummery of the Dead Hand decree  
Divorces Him from life.  
Gone is the lesion of a ' good ' apart,  
That bred unrest and strife.

The true Churches are ordered of unity,  
And one Thought rules the whole.  
The triple confusion has ceased to cloud  
The answer-searching soul :

For the law that the honest preachers hold  
That trade in saving grace,  
Is one with him that tracks the marching Orbs,  
And thinks in time and space.

Religion is sweeter since men perceived  
The monstrous moral crime  
Of teaching a fixity in the world  
That 's moving all the time.

The mind of man is no dual affair  
As Primitives have taught,  
With an air-tight and cosy compartment  
For theologic ' thought ' :

It is open to every fact of Life  
By new conditions timed,  
For nothing is sacred beneath the sun  
Save integrity of mind.

## LXVI

My God is not of a ghostly Beyond,  
Throned in a golden seat;  
Ah! one is He with the Spirit of Life,  
And nearer than kneeling feet.

And here, where He is, is heaven to some,  
The happy, placeless state  
That is born of the clearing consciousness,  
Untouched with chance or fate.

It is plain to see that each passing day  
Is Judgment Day to all,  
As the wider Self struggles for freedom,  
And inner Voices call.

No asphodel blooms in the gracious land,  
No seraphs haunt the place;  
But the joy of a Growing Purpose lights  
The glory of its face.

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## EPILOGUE

WHAT is truth? cried the curious Pilate,  
And would not pause reply.  
The twentieth wave of the ages waits  
The answer to that cry.

But the sad and solemn Grave is voiceless,  
And Purple Distance dumb.  
Trust in God! the unfaltering answer  
Shall yet of Science come.



Without pity or ethic pretension

She plows up weed and briar,

And no corner shall fail of her furrows

To stead the World's Desire.

From her measured and slow-moving footsteps

Grow corn and healing flowers,

And to limit her ultimate conquests

Is not for finite Powers.

## NOTES

### NOTE 1, PAGE 4.

*The unities thro' Commerce are forming.*

'THIS commerce is a giant clock-work process, compared with which the old sea-traffic is as crude as the Columbus clock to current time-pieces. It is an evolution that gives promise of far greater complexity, of becoming a system of members so delicate that not one invoice can go astray but the loss shall be known and appreciated by the whole organism. Contrast this era with the dying age of sea-traffic: the era of publicity and logic, with the age of secrecy, of mystery and myth, when the loss of a great ship was a vague, far-off calamity, that only years could verify. It is an evolution of childhood into manhood; of boyish dreams into manly ambitions.'

### NOTE 2, PAGE 6.

*A crystal thought is the concept that rose  
Thro' study of man's frame.*

'THE State organization projected by man must necessarily have been patterned, in respect of its mode of working, after that of his own body. The government of the human body

is comprised in the sympathetic and cerebro-spinal nervous systems, which operate as a unity in relation to a common end. The cerebro-spinal system identifies as the legislature, or law-finding organ, of the human body, its function being to search out and co-ordinate the particular environment of each individual that clear direction may result, and this whether the problem is to measure time through the science of astronomy, to invent the steam-engine, or to keep a dinner appointment. The sympathetic nervous organization, with the solar plexus as central office, identifies as the banking system of the human body, its function being to direct and control the nutrition of the body as a physical organism. Having regard to the government, or regulation, of the social body, interest centres in the development of the legislature or parliament, and the bank. The legislature corresponds to the cerebral nervous system in the human body, while the machinery of banking, with the clearing-house as controlling centre, identifies as the government of the sympathetic or nutritive system.' — *Franklin Ford*.

NOTE 3, PAGE 9.

*Commerce is the moving Spirit of Man.*

THE hour has gone by for serious writing on the social question built up of hard and fast distinctions between principal and interest. Some writers profess to see on one side profit-sharing, and on the other what they are pleased to call co-operation. The distinction exists only in the books ; it is not

a fact of Life. There are not commerce and co-operation. It is all commerce. A given division of labour may be brought to greater co-operation; but only through making it more commercial.

NOTE 4, PAGE 13.

*The division but marks the relation.*

'God will deliver the world over to divisions.' — *Hebrew Bible.*

NOTE 5, PAGE 16.

*It is only division of labour.*

DIVISION of labour in social organization has been recognized in a partial way for over a century; but it is only now that the full sweep of the principle is reaching recognition. The best that Mr Adam Smith could do in his day was to write of the division in a given industry, as in the making of pins. With telephonic conditions, the whole business of government classifies under the principle. In this light the social body is disclosed as object; the various functions in the State are one with the organs of commerce.

NOTE 6, PAGE 22.

*Direct rule by the individual  
Is passing into act.*

'UP to this day we have allowed to statesmen a paramount social standing. . . . We cannot extend this deference to

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them any longer. The secret cannot be kept that the seats of power are filled by underlings, ignorant and timid to a degree to destroy all claim, excepting that on compassion, to the society of the just and the generous. . . . Their vocation is a presumption against them among well-meaning people. The superstition respecting office is going to the ground. The stream of human affairs flows its own way, and is very little affected by the activity of legislators. What great masses of men wish done, will be done; and they do not wish it for a freak; but because it is their state and natural end. There are now other energies than brute force, other than political, which no man can in future allow himself to disregard. There are direct conversation and influence. A man is to make himself felt by his proper force. The tendency of things runs steadily to this point, namely, to put every man on his merits, and to give him so much power as he naturally exerts — no more, no less. Of course, the timid and base persons, all who are conscious of no worth in themselves, and who owe all their place to the opportunities which the old order of things allowed them, to deceive and defraud men, shudder at the change, and would fain silence every honest voice, and lock up every house where liberty and innovation can be pleaded for. They would raise mobs, for fear is very cruel. But the strong and healthy yeomen and husbands of the land, the self-sustaining class of inventive and industrious men, fear no competition or superiority. Come what will, their faculty cannot be spared.' — *Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

## NOTE 7, PAGE 25.

*The Social Atheists 'view with alarm.'*

THERE be that have mused over the traditional notion of representative government to an extent that neutralizes their natural wit. With them, one must 'go to the legislature' to be a representative. Failing to distinguish the individual as organ of the God-principle, their cult amounts to social atheism. In the complex movement of Life each person is, in aspect, day and day a representative, as a common principle runs through all, that of the mind itself. Having no universal by which to order their facts, the Social Atheists, or Self-styled Socialists, are unable to see Democracy in movement, ever advancing to more effective organization. It is not for them to observe the wondrous pageantry of action, to note the point gained and from that to mark the future. In place of this they have a vague sentimentalism. They like to write of 'the people,' the prepossession being that things are done in some way other than through the individual.

## NOTE 8, PAGE 29.

*The Self and the general good are touched  
With kindred hopes and fears.*

'No one can be perfectly free till all are free; no one can be perfectly moral till all are moral; no one can be perfectly happy till all are happy.' — *Herbert Spencer.*

## NOTE 9, PAGE 38.

*There the private and public good are seen  
Serenely unified.*

' WRITERS on the philosophy of politics use the word *individualistic*, and speak of *the individualistic point of view*. The opposite is the organic point of view, though the book-people have not progressed so far, since the phrasing *social organism*, or *social body*, is to them only a metaphor. They are still asking whether there *is* a social body. The plane of fact is beyond them. The idea of an organic, inter-related, banking or credit system flies in the face of the merely individual experience. Thus, for an individual to lend five dollars to a friend, which is to certify the friend's credit to that extent, the certifier must have saved that much *money*. This presents the so-called individualistic point of view. But the incoming universal banking, whose centres of registry and certification (credit offices) are everywhere, does not need to *save* money at all in order to lend or give credit; it is centre of authority in the money system and, therefore, makes its own instrument (= money) for transferring credit through the universalized (= legalized) check book in the moment of the transaction. The Bank appears as a universal organ *in* the State, or system of organs. Thus we realize the two points of view.' — *Franklin Ford*.

## NOTE 10, PAGE 61.

*In the place of reports are opinions.*

THE touching feature of current journalism is that the newspaper men 'edit' the news-columns, colouring the daily fact to chime with the particular class interest which they are paid to re-present. They are not content to air opinion in the editorial page alone.

## NOTE 11, PAGE 67.

*In the work of buying and selling it,  
Ignorance is a crime.*

SANGUINE ignorance, which, in matters of morals, extenuates the crime, is itself, in matters of literature, a crime of the first order. The failure to detect the necessity of a new co-ordination, is proof of imposture in the news, or moving intelligence, trade.

## NOTE 12, PAGE 74.

*No problem is settled beyond debate  
By the nose-count alone ;  
Nor thro' the brute force of the paid police.*

'GOVERNMENT began, the social relation came to view, with the appearance of one who was surer and quicker than his



fellows in determining fact, in finding out the way or law. The strong man in the first instance was the direction-finder, the element of physical force being always secondary. At no time could might be entirely separated from right. An instrument of government must at the same time be an organ of intelligence. The soldier or policeman is incidental to any scheme of government; he is an attendant upon the court of arbitration. The *knocker-out* in a hotel is an important personage, relative to the hotel, but he does not direct the business.' — *Franklin Ford*.





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